

the pool room and other places where he would be ashamed to be found dead, and finally the saloon, where and when the liquor habit begins in cob-webs, next a thread, than a chord and finally a cable, then who can break it? It began like a cancer sending out new processes in every direction of his moral and physical being until every atom of his moral tissue is completely captured. If you were to bore into him with a brace and bit you come to dig about the second round, Oh! where is his market value! It is equivalent to a cipher with the rim knocked off.

Perdition claims the first mortgage, then it is that the sound comes to our ears "Oh! where is my wandering boy tonight" that I failed to train up right. Such a picture of destruction has prompted the essayist to rob the poet by saying, full many a flower born, blushed unseen to waist its sweetness upon the dessert air, lost to all that makes life dear.

A good book will boil out the dirt, and burn up the satanic germs of a young man with more speed and accuracy than anything the writer knows of. Every good book you furnish your boy who reads it with reflection, is like the cast of the warblers shuttle adding a new golden thread of Christian principle which runs thru all of his utterances. Young people push yourself out into the catch of the season of good literature. Printed pages fall from the press like autumn leaves from the forests. Cultivate the taste for wholesome literature. Take advantage of the opportunities which surround you so early in the morning of life. Think of the ingenious astronomer knowing that Jupiter was to sweep in to space, at a certain hour, had his telescope hoisted in the air, ready, awaiting the coming of the great planet to sweep into view for five minutes only, never to return for four hundred thousand years. What a lesson of opportunity? Let the hand of your heart and mind swing out for the sweet expressions that flow from the pens of the greatest writers of the land. They will live by your heart and bloom forever and follow you home to heaven and bloom all around you. In your lonesome hours read Shakespeare, talk to Tennyson, Dickens, Whittier, Longfellow and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Oh! what power there was in her pen. The single story of Uncle Tom's Cabin stirred the heart of this vast nation to its profoundest depths. At the simple moving of her pen millions of swords and bayonets gleamed and flashed in the air, and vast armies met in deadly array, and fought face to face, till liberty, rebaptized in blood, was given to man as man. This world moves along the line of thought, sentiment and principle and the press gives to these wings to fly and tongues to speak.

*Bloomer, O.*

#### Two Babies

Babyland.

When Mamna Brown came home, she brought a rag doll for Baby Grace—such a chubby rag baby, and as large as Baby Grace herself! She had soft golden hair; and her

face was painted in a very rosy, natural way.

Mamma thought the new doll much too cunning to be dressed in calico and a sun-bonnet. So she made dainty clothes, just like Baby Grace's own, and named the rag doll Violet, because her eyes were blue. Baby Grace loved Violet dearly, and they were seen together every day. The rag baby looked so real in her pretty clothes that the neighbors were often puzzled to know which baby was alive. When grandpa saw them coming in the carriage, he hurried to put on his spectacles, to see which was Grace. And one day Uncle Jack actually waved his hat and kissed his hand to the rag baby, who was sitting in the window as he went by.

Papa and mamma laughed over these funny things. They wondered how any rag doll could be mistaken for their bright little daughter!

One day, as papa entered the hall, he caught sight of a white dress and baby shoe just at the top of the stairs. "My baby!" he cried, and rushed up stairs, two steps at a time, to save his darling child, who at any moment might turn and fall.

Mamma, who had heard papa's cry of distress, hurried after him. They met at the top of the stairs, and saved—the rag baby!

They laughed and cried, too, when they found the real baby safe in the nurse's lap; and they gave her a great many loving kisses.

Mamma that very evening made a calico dress and a sunbonnet for Violet. She and papa agreed there must be some way to tell the babies apart.

#### A Child's Prayer

Lord, look upon a little child,  
By nature sinful, rude, and wild;  
Oh, put thy gracious hand on me,  
And make me all I ought to be.

O Jesus, take me to thy breast,  
And bless me, that I may be blest;  
Both when I wake and when I sleep,  
Thy little lamb in safety keep.

—The Picture World.

### Sisters' Society C. E.

#### Salem Church

The S. S. C. E., are getting down to business; the right ones at the head. Good reports later on. Our Sunday school is improving. Our protracted meeting begins Thanksgiving under the leadership of Brother Hopkins by the assistance and prayers of the brethren in general. Pray for us for we need it at Salem. JACOB A. CATRON.

#### From the Field

Campbell, the most northern Brethren church in Michigan, is also the farthest north in the Brotherhood, with probably the exception of some in the far west. Yet the weather while here, instead of finding it colder, has been remarkably mild and pleasant, which has helped in making the attendance large at the meetings.

The first to report this week is the work at

the Campbell church, Saturday evening, Sunday morning and evening. This was the regular time for their monthly preaching. Before the morning service it was my privilege to address an attractive and full Sunday-school, consisting of entire families as members, and all seemed to become much interested in the building of the Washington City church with the brick cards. Brother Clum is superintendent, and it is hoped he will urge the older ones to take the same interest and, with the children contribute accordingly to this fund.

Before the evening service we had a devotional S. S. C. E. meeting, using the regular Christian Endeavor topic, Liberty and Love, in which a number took part, and apparently all enjoyed. Having no young peoples' society, this meeting was given as a sample of what they might enjoy every Sunday evening, and as a start for the sisters to hold their devotional meetings for the benefit of the entire church. They deserve special mention for being among the small number that loyally responded, about seven years ago, to the appeal of the S. S. C. E. president. Sister Harrison's letter giving instructions and urging the churches to organize a sisters' society of Christian Endeavor. Ever since they have been faithful to keep up the work thru the industrial meeting, opened by devotional exercises. But they have failed to hold special devotional meetings in the church, "to promote Christian education and spiritual growth," the primary object for which our society has been organized; "these ought ye to have done and not to have left the others undone." Their spirit of inquiry and eagerness to learn all about the works of the S. S. C. E. assures me that they will do what they can. This zeal and readiness to work are among the pleasant features in this work, and it is a delight to speak of them, but don't let my silence on the discouraging features lead you to think that there are none, that the path is always smooth, for there are many uncertainties, perplexities; yet the bright days far outnumber the cloudy days, and I am thankful for both. Mrs. Phebe Darby, president of the Campbell society, is zealous for the work in Michigan, as well as for the general cause, for which she took a five dollar pledge. She accompanied me to Sunfield, fifteen miles distant, where Brother Winey has just closed a short series of meetings. The Brethren cause being yet new here and the members few, and cautious, we scarcely hoped to accomplish anything definite for the S. S. C. E., therefore not disappointed in not effecting an organization; but we trust the seed has been sown that will result in a Sisters' Society after awhile, and thus engage the few who are so desirous to do more, to work in this systematic, united way. Brother Fryogle who had for a number of years served as elder in the German Baptist church, has cast his lot with us, and enjoys the unusual privilege of still preaching in the same house as before, the church property having also turned Brethren. May they realize the